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WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

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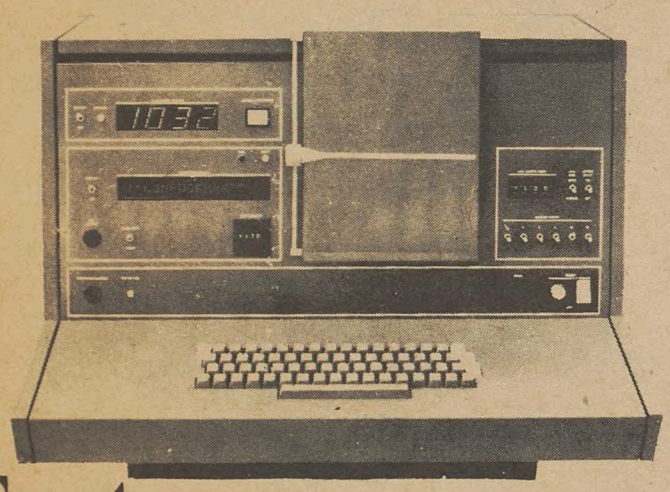

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IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Edited by Clover Holcomb

GIVE CREATED GIFTS: Christmas may already be on your mind. If so, Emerson Gallery is announcing a special multi-media show for Christmas shoppers. Paintings, sculpture, photographs, serigraphs, drawings and pottery by artists including Gladys Gould, Elizabeth Koenig, Cynthia Brumback, Urs, Fred Pitts and Patricia White will be on exhibit November 1st through 30th. The exhibiting artists will be on hand to discuss their work from 8:oo - 10:00 pm., November 2nd. Emerson Gallery, 1437 Emerson Avenue, McLean, Va. Call 356-2052.

BRONZE & MINERALS: Bronze sculptures of seascapes and children, mounted on minerals by Malcolm Moran are permanently on exhibit at Charles Schwartz & Son Jewelers at Les Champs at The Watergate.

LATIN AMERICAN LIBERATION: Latin American documents that have played key roles in that area's political and economic integration from the 19th Century to today will be exhibited by the Library of Congress. Included will be the 1821 broadside of the *Ley Fundamental de la Union de los Pueblos de Colombia*, the law inspired by Simon Bolivar and created at the first Latin American Conference. As of November 1st at the Library of Congress, in the foyer of the Law Library, northeast corridor on the 2nd floor of the Main Building.

LYRIC OPERA: The Performing Arts Association of Alexandria will present the premier of Samuel Barber's *A Hand of Bridge*, which reveals the inner thoughts of a bridge foursome during the game. Starring David Wylie of the 1973 Wolf Trap Company and the Northern Virginia Opera Theater. Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* will also be performed. This is the tale of a charlatan-medium whose tricks become too real for her to cope with. Washington mezzo-soprano Kay Granger will be featured. November 2nd and 3rd at Christ Church Parish Hall Theater, 118 N. Washington Street, Alexandria, at 8:00 pm.

THREE B'S: Selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms will be performed by the National Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati, featuring violinist Henryk Szeryng and sung by the Oratorio Society of Washington. At 8:30 pm, November 6th through 8th, and November 9th at 1:30, at the Kennedy Center Concert Hall.

ANYBODY THERE?: Five leading scientists will discuss "Cosmic Evolution — Are We Alone in the Universe?" in a free lecture series
•Oct. 29: Nobel Laureate in Physiology, Prof. George Wald, will discuss "Design in the Universe"
•Nov. 7: Director of the Goddard Inst. of Theoretical Studies and author of *Red Giants and White Dwarfs*, Dr. Robert Jastrow, will speak on "The Threshold of Life."
•Nov. 12: Director of the Lab. of Chem. Evolution at the Univ. of Md., Dr. Cyril Ponnamperuma, will examine "The Origin of Life."
•Nov. 19: Biologist Keith Thomson will concentrate on the evolutionary sequence from microbe to humanity.
•Dec. 3: Prof. Philip Morrison of MIT will sum up the series with a discussion of humanity's place in the universe with a lecture entitled "Intelligent Life Beyond Earth."
All lectures will be at 8:00 pm, Nat'l Academy of Science Aud., 2102 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.

CORRECTION: *Woodwind* regrets three grievous errors which appeared in last issue's article on *Panorama*. *Panorama* appears on WTTG TV, Channel 5. Also, Maury's last name is spelled "Povich," and John's, "Willis." Apologies.

CRUDDUP: Born in the Blues, a documentary about the father of rock and roll will be aired by WETA-TV (Channel 26) on Monday, November 12th, at 9:30 pm.

TIN DRUM is out again. **The course listings of the Washington Area Free University (WAFU)** are now available. Courses included "Solar Energy and Other Alternative Energy Sources," "Mime," and "Citizens' Guide to Media Access." WAFU is also looking for people interested in teaching courses as divergent as "Dance & Self-Defense," "Photography & Auto Mechanics," "Self-Defense & Piano," For more information, contact WAFU at its new offices, above the Community Book Shop, 2028 P St., N.W.

BENEFIT: For the Center for the Study of Non-Medical Drug Use, under the sponsorship of NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys, and Nighthawks, on Thursday, November 15, at 7:30 pm. Tickets are $3.00 and may be obtained at Orpheus Records, Truckers' Stop, WHFS Ticket Center, and Sixth Sense, in College Park.

SEND MONEY!!! WAMU-FM, the award-winning, public sponsored radio station is seeking contributions to continue its innovative and informative broadcasting. All contributions are tax-deductable, and very much needed.

MUSIC SCHOLARSHIPS: Six scholarships will be awarded by the Arlington Symphony Association. In the Senior Division (grades 10-12) awards of $150 each will be given to the winners in three categories: string instruments, wind instruments and piano. In the Junior Division (grades 6-9) awards of $50 will be given in the same categories. Competition will be held January 12th and 19th at Swanson Junior High School, pri es will be presented at The Young People's Concert, March 3rd. Deadline for applications will be December 1st and they can be obtained from Mrs. Theodore W. Taylor, 522-5136.

SQUARE DANCE & MELODRAMA: "Fast Flying Vestibule," caller, and children's play *Not Man nor Beast* will be presented as a benefit for the Mellow Yellow Tutoring Service. $2.00 tickets at All Souls Church, 16th & Harvard Sts., N.W.
FRANKENSTEIN: Adapted from the novel by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly, will be presented by the Chevy Chase Players, 8:00 pm, November 2nd-3rd & 9th-10th, at the Chevy Chase Community Center, Connecticut Ave. & McKinley St., N.W. $2.50 ($1.50 students).
MORE CREEPS: David E. Freemen's comedy on the nightmare world of cerebral palsy victims will extend its run through November 11th, due to an overwhelming demand for more tickets. For ticket information, call 546-4000 or 546-1222.
TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE: A 38-minute puppet show about what a boy can learn while attempting to revenge himself for a beesting. November 3rd through June, every Saturday and Sunday at 3:00 and 4:oo pm, at the Rock Creek Nature Center, Military & Glover Rds. Call 420-6829.
"BLACK THUNDER": Arna Bontemp's book has been adapted into a dramatic tragedy by Clifford Mason. *Gabriel* will be produced by the students of Maryland University, under the sponsorship of the Nyumburu Community Center. November 12th-13th, Tickets $2.50 (students $1.50) at the Tawes Fine Arts Theatre, Univ. of Md., College Pk., MD.

Chip Taylor's Last Chance

by Bruce Rosenstein

Chip Taylor is a man who has been in the music business for a long time, as a songwriter and producer, but as far as the general public goes, the attention has focused on other people with the same last name. Now, Chip has begun a performing career of his own, with a new Warner Brothers' album, *Chip Taylor's Last Chance*, and a crackerjack band to back him.

His mode of expression is country music (though his home is New York), and he recently did a week's stand at the Cellar Door in D.C. to promote the album and show off his band. The man who wrote "Angel of the Morning," "Wild Thing," — incongruous as it may seem — and who has had songs recorded by everyone from The Hollies to Al Hirt is now putting newfound confidence and years of experience in the business to work for him.

"Generally speaking, over the past years all my artistic achievements have been behind the scenes. I felt pretty comfortable at that, and the thought of being on stage terrified me, but I finally came out of it and realized I wanted to be on stage," Chip relates. Now, not only is he touring, but he's also finished a movie (his first acting job), with Polish director Kristov Zanussi. Up until now, movies in his family have been the domain of his older (by one year) brother, Jon Voight. But more on these things later. Let me tell you more about how Chip go to where he is today.

He got his own start professionally while playing in a country band in Westchester County, N.Y. at the age of 17. One of the people in his band, Greg Richards, believed in Chip's songs and made the rounds of record companies and publishers in New York. The only company willing to bite was King, a black label. So, Chip ended up playing guitar on King's *Deluxe* label with musicians like Mickey Baker, the Mickey of Mickey and Sylvia. Eventually he moved into country songwriting, and many of his songs were placed with artists through RCA Records' country A&R director, Chet Atkins. The type of "tunesmith" prevelant in the industry then, according to Chip, is now a dying breed. Today, the singer-songwriter — an unknown beast only five years ago — is the type of writer the companies want, and fewer staff writers are being employed. Chip didn't write specific songs for specific artists, nor was he actually required to come up with a certain number of songs per week or month. "It would say that in a contract, but that's not how it worked," he explains, "You might have a situation where Chet Atkins would ask Blackwood (Chip's publishing company) if they had anything for Bobby Bare, but I wouldn't write anything specifically for an artists." The request for a more rock-oriented tune lead to what is his most atypical, and possibly most well known song, the infamous "Wild Thing." It was originally intended for Jordan Christopher and the Wild Ones, but the demo ultimately found its way into the hands of the Troggs, who turned it into a large hit.

Towards the end of his tunesmith days, Chip did his own placing of songs, one of which was "Sweet Dream Woman," covered by Waylon Jennings. Also, for five years, Chip and Al Gorgoni worked with a singer, Evie Sands, who always came close to success but never quite made it. Many of her records, including "Angel of the Morning," became hits by other artists, and she only had one hit herself. The master recording of her first single was stolen a week before its release, and a cover version went into the national charts at 67 the first week. Chip got that version stopped, but the damage was done: radio stations didn't want to touch Evie's version and it only sold well in one market, Los Angeles. Eventually, the working relationship ended, and though Evie has continually told Chip that she is putting a band together, nothing has ever come of it. Chip says, "Whenever she put out something, Dusty Springfield would cover it. She says Evie is her favorite singer. And Dusty is *my* favorite singer."

One of the best songs on the new album is "101 in *Cashbox*," detailing the pitfalls of record promotion. It deals with the fate of his own single version last year of "Angel of the Morning," released from his Buddah Records solo LP, *Gasoline*. The chorus is priceless: "It's a hundred and one in *Cashbox*, in *Billboard* it can't be found, it's a hundred-eighteen in the *Record World* ratings, and going down." *Cashbox*, *Billboard* and *Record World* are the three main record business trade magazines, and he also mentions industry tip-sheets and the executives at Buddah. "I love the record business; there's a lot to deal with, but I love it. I even loved a lot of the problems, looking back on it. And I love the people at Buddah, even though I was kidding them in the song. It was a hard decision to leave them."

Chip Taylor spent nearly ten years as a songwriter, turning out hits for other people, as well as producing other artists and setting up his own record label, which never really got off the ground. Back in 1968, Chip and partner Al Gorgoni arranged with Jubilee Records to produce product on their own *Rainy Day Records* label, and had a then-unknown singer-songwriter named James Taylor under contract. Chip had worked with James and his group, The Flying Machine, on a movie soundtrack. James was also signed to Chip's Blackwood publishing, where he remains today. "I tried to convince Jubilee that James could be a big star; that he was a poet. They wanted us to do singles and I wanted an album." Tracks were cut for an album in New York, but then a trip James made to England proved the end of the working relationship. "James called and said the Beatles wanted to put him on Apple, and wanted to know if we would let him out of the record contract." Knowing what we would be letting go of, Chip wasn't particularly thrilled to go along with the idea, nor did he want to stand in his way. He and Gorgoni decided they would, yes, let him out of the contract, but they wanted an equitable deal with Apple. They never heard a word from anyone at Apple, but James called them to say he had been told by Apple that everything had been straightened out with Gorgoni and Taylor. Chip says "This put us in the position that if we wanted to sue, we couldn't sue Apple, we'd have to sue James; and we decided we couldn't."

More problems came after James became a huge star. After much deliberation, Chip decided to relase the tracks James had recorded with the Flying Machine on a Jubilee label, *Euphoria Records*. They took a lot of flak for that move, from people complaining of the brevity of the record — Chip actually wanted to release it as an EP [Extended Play], but Jubilee didn't — to those crying rip-off, to those who thought it was old, inferior product. The capping-off of the incident came when James did a concert at the Fillmore East, where, although he wasn't aware of it, his old producer Chip Taylor was in the audience. "He was up on stage saying that the only way people should get the Flying Machine album is if they could steal a copy. I never really understood James. When I was working with him, I didn't know he was using drugs. He was a hard person to know well."

When Chip wanted to perform and put a band together, he approached a keyboard player friend of his from New York, Joe Renda. Besides Joe, those gathered for the band were lead guitarist Joe Platania, who has also been playing with Van Morrison's band, live and on records; bassist Dave Kapell, who had been backing Sandy Bull and John Herald; George Kiriakis, acoustic guitar, and pedal steel guitarist Tommy Riley, who both are country musicians from Connecticut; and a drummer from Boston, Rick Nelson. The band rented a house in Boston for a month and recorded at Andy Pratt's studio, Aengus Recorders. The band is going to stay together as long as possible, providing the album is successful and they can keep toring. Plantania wants to stay with Chip, but can also make a lot more money with Morrison, so for the time being he plays in both bands, flying to Van's gigs.

Chip and the band are still in the first stages of their club tour, but his time at the very beginning of the tour, in Boston, was shared by filming for his first movie, an exciting experience for him. "A friend of mine introduced me to a fellow who was casting pictures; for no reason, just because he was a friend. He asked me if I'd be interested in meeting this director, Kristov Zanussi; I said 'No, I don't think so,' but he said he was a Polish director, highly respected, his films were in the Locarno festival, so I thought I'd go over and meet him. . . well, I spent about an hour with Kristov, I fell in love with the guy! I walked out of the office wanting the picture *so bad*; now it was *me* wanting it. I hadn't read for it. He called me to read for it, and I didn't sleep at all. He had me do an as lib scene, and I didn't read badly, I surprised myself."

The working title for the movie is *act of violence*, but that probably will be changed. "I like talking about the film, I'm really excited about it. I have one of the main parts. The two leads are Horst Bucholz and Ann Wedgeworth, and the ingenue leads are Louise Clark and myself. My part doesn't require a lot of acting, it requires me to be myself a little bit; nothing like my brother, he's an actor, and he's yet to play himself in a picture. I'm not an actor. Kristov really liked me for the part, so that gave me some confidence. I'm playing the part of a sheriff, present day, of a little town in Vermont that just has one law enforcement person. He gets along well with the townspeople, even though he's young and doesn't look like a typical sheriff. There's something about him that commands authority. I like the idea of being a sheriff, of cleaning up, of putting on my guns and being a nice guy sheriff. I guess that's what I would like to be; someone of authority who people like and who likes people."

Although Chip had never heard of Kristov Zanussi before this film, he eventually saw all of his past works and was fascinated by them, almost as much as he was fascinated by the man himself. "He reminds me of my family, of my brothers, particularly of **my brother Barry; my oldest brother, very nervous and shy, but very smart** in a nice way, not a condescending way. Very sensitive and struggling to do things that are worthwhile. You could feel that in a few minutes. I have real affection for him. It was almost like going back to school again; I wanted to talk with him, I wanted to look at him, I wanted to hear him talk, and I did. . . . I stayed around the set when I wasn't shooting scenes, I tried to help with the props, do anything I could just to be around him and watch him work, watch what he was trying to do."

Beforer meeting and working with Kristov, the only people to similarly affect and influence Chip were his brothers; Barry, who is now a geologist at Penn State, and Jon, now one of the biggest stars in movies, as a result of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Deliverance*:

I know more about my brothers than anyone else. Jon had to start out in that other era, the "American Way," with people constantly badgering him to do a Route 66, *which he wouldn't do. I don't know an actor who's been more genuine to his trade than Jon. He's just done what he thought he should do. After* Cowboy, *he had the opportunity to do anything for a lot of money; so he did* Revolutionary, *for no money, because he liked the director. I admire things like that. He makes decisions with such intensity. He tries so hard to be a good person, to do right by people.*

My brother loves everything in music, he loves so much. I'll probably get myself in trouble for this, but I don't like very much: I'm not really a music lover. He's more of a music lover than me! I love country music, I love the sounds of things, but when I turn on the radio, I can't listen to it more than five or ten minutes, and turn the news on. I think a lot of it is such a waste of time, and really not living up to those potentials that my brother struggles for. What are they talking about? What are they saying, what am I saying half the time? How could he spend so much time, half that stuff isn't that great.

My feelings about it are very paranoid. I find very little time to relax. It's not that I'm doing anything that important. When I feel good, a lot of things sound terrific that I will not let sound good to me when I'm nervous. Most of the time, I'm not relaxed enough to really sit down there and go with somebody on their trip and just have some fun with them, whether it's important or not that important. So I get very aggravated at most music. Where are they raising people to, where are they taking people to, what are they doing except getting people into little cult corners and cashing in and making a lot of money? That's what strikes me funny sometimes, to see my brother really working hard to elevate himself and do things that are worthwhile, and yet he'll sit there and listen to that music. . . he listens to it with such intensity, and I don't!

Part of the reason for these feelings, Chip conceeds, comes from being so close to the music and being involved in the creative process. He used to listen to much more: "Music was my whole life when I was a kid. It was my escape: I'd listen to my radio. When I found Wheeling, West virginia, WWVA on the radio, that was it for me, and I loved everything on that. I listened mostly to Sun Records then; early Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, there was a sound to that. . . ." Chip has written a delightful song about that on the new album, called "I Want the Real Thing." Chip also has the entire collection of Sun Records.

The tour continues now for Chip Taylor and his band, and his movie is in the editing stages in Germany, where it will be ready for German television next spring, and hopefully soon after, will be available for worldwide theatrical distribution. For the next album, he's considering a more involved project, possible a "movie in song." In all likelihood, recording will begin in February. And, if things go right, he may decide to pursue more of a career in films. Chip has done a lot in his 32 years, and I know we can expect a lot more in the future.

(giggle). . . this is (snort) Bonnie (chuckle) Raitt, and (hee, hee) you're listening to (snicker) **Woodwind**. . . (guffaw)

EARLE BROWN

Stephen Allen Whealton

Each generation of artists has its characteristic pioneers and innovators, just as each generation has its conservatives and steadfast craftsmen. Years afterward, a given period is usually remembered by the ground-breaking creators who lived during it. We recall Bach's time by remembering him. Beethoven, Wagner, Debussy and Schonberg, similarly, have come to represent the epochs in which they lived.

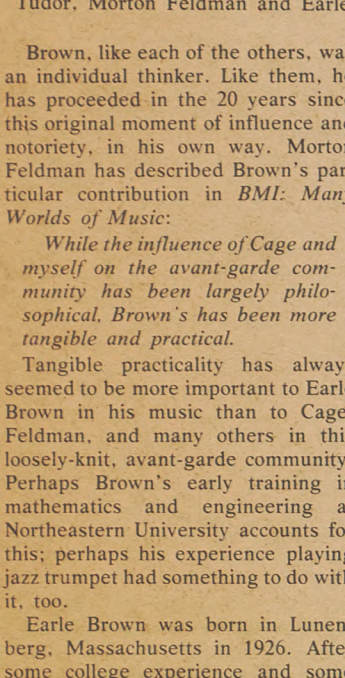
The period just ending will probably be remembered chiefly by recalling the name, personality and ideas of John Cage. His influence upon music, as well as on all the other arts, has been considerable, lasting and widespread. As in any other era, however, it is not just the solitary musician who brings about such changes in musical thought. Other artists, theoreticians, performers and thinkers, all over the world, contributed substantially to the esthetic which will probably be associated with Cage as time passes. Most notably, there was a group of American musicians actually working with Cage in the early 1950's, in New York, whose contributions and influence were especially important. This group included Christian Wolff, David Tudor, Morton Feldman and Earle Brown.

Brown, like each of the others, was an individual thinker. Like them, he has proceeded in the 20 years since this original moment of influence and notoriety, in his own way. Morton Feldman has described Brown's particular contribution in *BMI: Many Worlds of Music*:

> *While the influence of Cage and myself on the avant-garde community has been largely philosophical, Brown's has been more tangible and practical.*

Tangible practicality has always seemed to be more important to Earle Brown in his music than to Cage, Feldman, and many others in this loosely-knit, avant-garde community. Perhaps Brown's early training in mathematics and engineering at Northeastern University accounts for this; perhaps his experience playing jazz trumpet had something to do with it, too.

Earle Brown was born in Lunenberg, Massachusetts in 1926. After some college experience and some time spent in an armed service band, he pursued a diverse and unusual musical training program in Boston. Maybe it was this unorthodox educational experience which attuned him to the role of avant-garde explorer which he was soon to play.



The most important and individualistic influence upon Brown during this period was the Schillinger method, which he had discovered from a fellow-band-member during his armed forces stint. This unorthodox approach to the study of musical composition gave him a strong push in the direction which he was soon to make his own.

Joseph Schillinger had been a Russian composer, theoretician, and writer on music whom Henry Cowell had brought to the United State to lecture at the New School of Social Research. Once here, Schillinger managed to popularize his "Schillinger method" of musical composition, particularly among the film and radio composers of the day. George Gershwin studied the method for a time. Schillinger himself died in 1943.

The value of Schillinger's ideas and of his example for Earle Brown was decisive. To Brown, Schillinger's writings contributed a highly objective and unorthodox way of looking at the elements of musical composition and thought. By studying the Schillinger method during his formative years, Brown matured with a predisposition for unconventional thinking built in. Furthermore, Schillinger's highly personal opinions, and his willingness to go against the grain of acceptable musical practice, prepared Brown psychologically for the role of avant-garde ground-breaker which he was soon to play.

For Earle Brown, playing jazz trumpet had been an experience in which musical creation was spontaneous and immediate. By contrast, in "classical" music, it was necessary for a composer to write out notes, and then for performers to learn them, get together for a performance, and only then, could the sounds come out. Brown felt a desire to achieve, somehow, the same spontaneity and immediacy in his own "serious" music that he had enjoyed naturally in jazz.

With this unorthodox aim still nebulous and embryonic in his mind, Earle Brown discovered that his interest in the visual arts began to serve him well in pursuit of his own musical personality. The procedures and works of Jackson Pollock and Alexander Calder, particularly, were to play a decisive role in determining how he would bring these qualities of jazz into his music.

He was fascinated by Pollock's paintings, but also by his procedures. The "action painting" method that Pollock had developed and which brought upon him so much criticism and derision — and even the nickname, "Jack the Dripper" — seemed to suggest something useful to Brown. If Pollock would achieve such spontaneity and immediacy in his paintings, then, perhaps, it was possible in music, too. Perhaps, as well, Brown was "on the right track."

Thus inspired, he needed only one catalytic idea in order to make the mental leap necessary to invent the musical structure he was pursuing. This idea was found by observing Alexander Calder's mobiles. Brown noticed that the mobile's component parts were totally fixed, pre-determined and unchanging, while their interrelation and juxtaposition changed constantly. It was this principle that Brown used in devising what has come to be called "open form," thereby achieving his goal.

Brown's "open form" notion is one which has become extremely important in avant-garde music in recent years; so much so that it has seeped over into the mainstream, as just another part of every composer's vocabulary, like the idea of dividing orchestral string parts. The first "open form" piece was called *25 Pages*, and was scored for from one to twenty-five pianos. The instructions for realizing the score of *25 Pages* begin as follows:

> *The* 25 Pages *may be played in any sequence; each page may be performed either side up; events within each 2 line system may be read as either treble or bass clef...*

Later in the instructions, Brown also comments:

> *It will be seen that the basic "mobile" elements of the piece; page sequence and inversion, clef disposition and time; admit of a considerable number of different presentations of this material. All of these possibilities are valid within the total concept of the work provided that once a selection from the range of possibilities has been made, it be executed with devotion and accuracy in regard to the time durations, attacks, and intensities.*

Brown also devised another way of making his music spontaneous and immediate. This method was even freer than "open form," and owed even more to the visual arts than did the score for *25 Pages*. Brown created a piece which he named *December, 1952* in which familiar musical notation, with its treble and bass clefs, its quarter notes, half notes, rests, dots and the like, disappears altogether! In place of the familiar graphics, Brown puts a design which looks, at first glance, as if it might more appropriately be a graph of a musical piece made after the fact, intended to illustrate some technical aspect of the music. The "score" is nothing more than a few rectangles in solid black, very sparsely set onto a white background. The tasteful and esthetically quite ballanced composition of this graphic work very strongly suggests the style of Piet Mondrian.

Each rectangle, Brown's instructions explain, represents one or more aspects of musical performance. Such qustions as how high a note should be played, how low, how long it should be held, how it should be played, how loud it should be, are left up to the performers; but these questions must somehow be answered by reference to the patterns of rectangles appearing in the score. Thus, the performer is free to transform suggestive visual information into precise musical fact according to his own preferences. Brown specifically permits performers to leave decisions up to the moment's whim. When performing *December, 1952* as a group, however, players may agree beforehand on as many specific interpretations as desired. Thus, a group might decide that some aspect of the visual score represents loudness, while some other aspect represents pitch.

Brown indicates the "mobile" character of the score with these instructions:

> *The composition may be performed in any direction from any point in the defined space for any length of time and may be performed from any of the four rotational positions in any sequence.*

Earle Brown's practical contributions to avant-garde and eventually to mainstream musical techniques rest on these to notions and on one other. This third one is even more important nad basic than the other two, and if anything, even simpler. It is the concept which Brown originally called "time notation," but which has since become known as "proportional notation."

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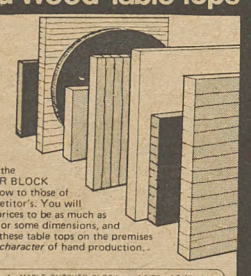

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Hi, this is Nicky Hopkins talking to you over **Woodwind** in Washington. . . Hope you're digging the sounds and having a good time.

In explaining this notion, Brown has said the following about time:

Time is the actual dimension in which music exists when performed and is by nature an infinitely divisible continuum. No metric system or notation based on metrics is able to indicate all of the possible points in the continuum, yet sound may begin or end anywhere along this dimension.

He felt that the old system of notation, which is based upon the idea of a regularly tick-tocking beat, was too limiting. It cannot be made to represent irrational relationships between durations. Since he was less interested in pulsing time-patterns than he was in intuitive, spur-of-the-moment, irrational time-flow, it was particularly important to him to get away from ways of writing down time-patterns only in terms of whole numbers.

What could be more direct, natural, and useful, he discovered, than simply drawing lines and letting their length on the music paper correspond to the duration of the sounds they represented? A line drawn on paper, after all, is for all intents and purposes a continuum, and it is perceived much the same way that the time ocncontinuum is perceived. A line can theoretically be drawn any length, and thus is similar to a duration, which likewise can be any length.

The key to the use of "proportional notation," as Brown devised it and as it later came to be called, is its deliberate impreciseness. It is not the purpose of "proportional notation" to notate durations even more exactly and precisely than is possible with the conventional system. Rather, it is a built-in margin for error which makes the system so useful. With the "proportional notation" system, performers are encouraged not to try to make the notes last as precisely the right duration as possible, instead, they are to take the line-lengths in the score and use them as a guide from which to make patterns in sound which basically correspond to the line-lengths, but which are determined in detail by the performer's intuition. The exact rhythm, then, is left variable in detail from one performance to the next, while the overall the overall pattern remains the same, as represented by the lengths of the lines in the score.

Morton Feldman has said that Brown's "proportional notation"

. . . has become a part of modern day compositional usage. The sound here is placed in its approximate visual relationship to that which surrounds it. Time is is not indicated mechanistically, as with rythm. It is articulated for the performer, but not interpreted for him.

Earle Brown and the Washington Chamber Players presented at the Baird Auditorium of the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, a concert entitled "Music for Chamber Orchestra, *A Preview of a Retrospective, 1952-1972*" on October 19th. Brown interspersed the performed music with explanations of his various techniques and of the unorthodox ideas on which his music rests.

The opening piece was *December, 1952*, Brown's first "graphic" work, which features a score made up of rectangles, only. He had obviously rehearsed the performers, and among them all, they had made various decisions about how the rectangles would be interpreted. An unusual cast of characters acted out their various unusual roles in the performance of this piece: first, there was Brown-the-composer, who originally devised the idea for the piece, drew the graphic and wrote the instructions. Then, there was Brown-the-rehearser, who suggested oncrete "meanings" for some of the rectangles, introduced hand-signals and made other decisions. Then, there was Brown-the-conductor, who acted as shaper and molder of the composition in its "real-time" realization. Last of all, there were the performers, whose job it was to make actual notes, melodies, and other patterns and sounds from the written and spoken instructions of Earle Brown in his various roles. It is an exciting way to create music! Watching it take place was dramatic, particularly so because the program notes and Brown's opening commentary made the process clear. As Brown-the-conductor cued-in and -out various performers, made some of them lengthen their notes or melodies, asked some to be louder or softer, etc., one could observe a piece of music being, in large part, "composed" before one's eyes and ears. Each performer created the sounds and textures of sounds while Brown-the-conductor created the form.

The second piece on the program was *novara*, which, in some ways, was similar to *December, 1952*, but for which Brown-the-conductor had written out the actual musical substance. Watching it in performance, I was struck by how similar the role of Brown-the-conductor is to that of a film editor. He is given a batch of music, just as the film editor is given a batch of raw film. It is his job to piece the materials together in some pleasing way. For the analogy to be meaningful, however, one would have to insist that the film which the editor is creating is an abstract one — not an ordinary film in which such ideas as "story" would influence how the bits of film fit together. One would also have to remember that Brown-the-conductor's "editing" job in "creating" the form of one of his pieces is not a one-shot deal. By contrast, once a film is edited and finalized, it is not usually pieced together again, in a different way, some other time. With Brown's music, however, the "editing" job must be undertaken again, each time the piece is performed.

The first half of the program closed with *Times Five*, which features electronic tape as well as "live" performers. For this work, the cast of characters includes not only Brown-the-composer, the live musicians, Brown-the-rehearser, and Brown-the-conductor; but also the tape. The four-channel tape was made in 1963 by Earle Brown himself. He acted as performer, and used a group of musicians conducted by Konstantin Simonovic to create the recorded musical groundwork upon which a performance of *Times Five* rests. As the work unfolds, the conductor and musicians cue off the tape's sounds; embellishing, answering and commenting musically upon what comes through the loudspeakers.

After intermission, the concert resumed with what was for me the high point of the evening, a piece called, simply, *New Piece*. It is in this particular strand of Brown's work that I find the most to like. *New Piece* is in open form, and the secret of its success for me is in the simplicity and beauty of its sounds. There are only five chords in the work, and each instrumentalist has only one note or chord which he plays any number of times, on cue, during the whole piece. The music is, in fact, nothing more or less than Brown-the-conductor's on-the-spot intermingling of the five chords which Brown-the-composer has devised. The performers' job in this piece is merely to produce on command their one, given, note or chord; to make it louder, softer, or to stop it, as Brown-the-conductor commands.

The chords are beautiful, and the structural elements are simple. Thus, the work succeeds more completely than do Brown's other pieces, which perhaps contain too many different elements to be perceived as easily and thoroughly. With *New Pieces*, the full power of Brown's ideas can be appreciated.

Next, the musicians again performed *December, 1952*. This time, they were dispersed all around the auditorium so that directionality of sound became an integral part of the conceptualization of the work. For this, Brown-the-conductor stepped down off the stage and directed the ensemble from the center right in front of the first row of the audience. Because he was now facing the audience, it was possible to watch him more closely than before. Brown's conducting style has considerable dramatic flair, and much grace. His facial expressions, gestures, postures, and movements are particularly expressive. Seeing Brown close up, I was able to understand in a practical way something of how he goes about his conducting task in an unorthodox work such as *December, 1952*. It was a rare opportunity.

The last work of the evening was called *Syntagm III*, and it is a recent work. It pleased me because in it, Brown seems to be trying to create simple and pleasing sound textures, just as he did in *New Piece*. Here, he has his musicians play so quickly that the sounds become blurred and are comprehensible as a shape.

Earle Brown's best music is represented by his pieces *Modules I, II, and III*, which are for large orchestras, and therefore not heard in this concert, and *New Piece*, which in one of its many forms was heard. They are, I feel, some of the most important pieces among all recent music. They are as moving, as beautiful, as dramatic, as spontaneous, as immediate, and as successful as any music I know. While influence, seminal thought, writings, and stimulus have been important aspects of Earle Brown's contribution: it is his best music that I value most. These works represent what American music is and can be; what modern music is and can be; what simply good music is and can be. They are a justification, a vindication, and a showcase for avant-gardeism itself. They are audacious, yet beautiful, and that is a rare and treasurable combination. They are, thus far, the ultimate fruit of that change in American music which is just ending.

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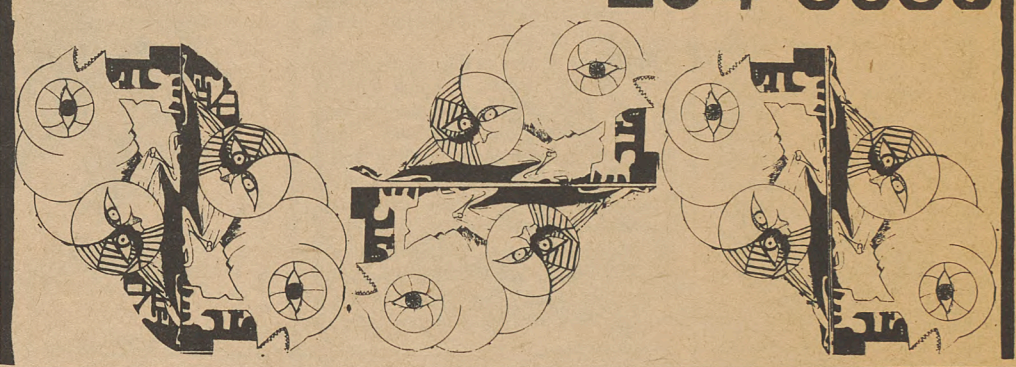

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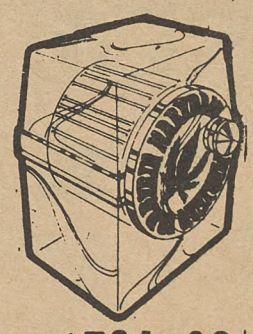

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BOULDERS
Roy Wood
(United Artists)

Rev. by Bruce Rosenstein

Boulders; as in rock, as in heavy. Roy Wood; as in The Move, Electric Light Orchestra, Wizzard. A solo album in the truest sense. When Wood wanted to do a solo album, he didn't mess around. No big-name friends were called in to do their bit, for other musicians weren't needed. Roy played all the instruments (and there are lots), sang all the vocals, wrote the songs, arranged them, and produced the album. He even painted a self-portrait for the cover.

Wood has always been his own man musically. Few could argue that The Move was anything other than a vehicle for his own ideas, mainly carried out by Roy with the musical backup of a group of sidemen. This condition lasted until Jeff Lynne entered The Move. Lynne, if not Wood's equal, was at least good enough to not want to take a back seat to the leader. Thus, the necessity for the Electric Light Orchestra, which only magnified the problem. Thus, the necessity for Wizzard, where Wood could once more put his ideas into a group context undisturbed. The *Wizzard's Brew* album is much more experimental than *Boulders*, and at the same time difficult to listen to.

Boulders has been ready for over a year, but Wood refused to allow its release until this past summer, when it hit the British stores. He's kind of quirky about these things: more than once he's pulled out of an American tour which could have made him better known here — a feat which Lynne and the ELO are finally accomplishing. One of the effects which the delayed release caused was the added mystique surrounding the record. Some critics — and The Move is/was the ultimate critic's band — who had been given advance tapes last year made *Boulders* seem larger than life, a rock album of historic proportions, etc. In short, a reputation that is hard to live up to.

This album is a work of genius, to be sure, and immensely pleasurable at that, but if you're expecting too much, you'll only be disappointed. You still have to like Roy Wood's music to have a head start, because this is all you get here — no piano or vocals by Jeff Lynn, no drums from Bev Bevan; everything by Roy Wood. To those who, as is the case with certain flavors of ice cream, have heard Wood and consider him not to their tastes, *Boulders* would be a waste of time. If you didn't much care for The Move, you won't much care for *Boulders*.

Well, now that all those people have left the room, close the door: you folks who (a) like Roy Wood, or (b) haven't heard him, but want to take a chance, can get into what's on this monster.

The first track, "Songs of Praise," gives you a taste of what you're in for. It's driving, gospel-flavored, and has Wood singing backup voices like Claudia Lennear at 78 RPM. It's unlike anything from The Move days. Most of side one is slow- and medium-tempo songs with Wood playing a wide assortment of instruments. "Nancy Sing Me a Song" is the one which sticks with me the most. "Rock Down Low" is the heaviest thing here and probably the highlight of the side. It sounds like it could have been done in the *Message from the Country* days. Here he uses horns to good effect, not like the mammoth display on *Wizzard's Brew*, which sounded merely chaotic and cluttered.

Side two starts off with "All the Way over the Hill," an agreeable, pleasant song; nice vocal, sequeing into Wood's first recorded attempt at a jig, "Irish Loafer." (Rumor has it that this is from the soundtrack of the in-production British film, *Roy Wood Meets the Son of Steeleye Span*.) If weirdness is your cup of tea, you'll like "Miss Clarke and the Computer." If not, feel free to skip over to the next cut, "When Gran'ma Plays the Banjo." It may not win Wood a job with Bill Monroe's Bluegrass Boys, but I find it funny and delightful. The best of *Boulders* comes next, the "Rock Medley." It opens with Wood playing modified rockabilly on "Rockin' Shoes," a good prospective single; sequeing into "She's too Good for Me," with Wood affecting a Buddy Holly voice, and musical backup reminiscent of The Move. The final part of the medley is "Locomotive," a hot and heavy dance number like Roy's earlier "Brontosaurus." It's all great fun.

Listening to some of these songs, with their wealth of well-played instruments, puts me even more in awe of Wood. Sure, one or two of the instruments could have been played beter by someone else, but Roy Wood is the ultimate musical do-it-yourself man. While we're talking about the amazing Mr. Wood, you might be interested in his Wizzard single of this past summer, "See My Baby Jive," which was the greatest pop single I've heard in ages; a throwback to the early The Move period, and a case of Wood emulating Phil Spector with great success. This wasn't number one in England for a month without good reason, you know. There's a more recent British single, "Angel Fingers," which has already been number one and dropped, but I haven't heard it yet. A double Wizzard LP is planned, so there's even more Wood ahead. As for *Boulders*, if you're already a fan, you'll like it. If you haven't heard him before, but are tempted by all the effusive reviews you've been reading, proceed with caution.

TRAVELLING DAYS
JSD Band
(Warner Brothers)

Here's a new twist: a Scottish band which plays British traditional folk, with some Anglicized-American folk, and a hint of soul.

That hint of rock is felt on the first cut, "Gallway Races," which starts off with some bright flute playing by Sean O'Rourke that gives way, but never surrenders, to the rolling and occasionally crashing drums of Colin Finn. Des Coffield keeps pace on mandolin, and the singing is upliftingly roudy. The American folk tune "Fishin' Blues" (generally credited to Henry Thomas, but best known through the Lovin' Spoonful) is next, opened by Coffields's bottleneck guitar, and spurred on by lively harmonica and fiddle. Like much of JSD Band's music, the tone is so happy that you can't help but be swept along by the feeling. They also make good sing-along music; not only on "Fishin' Blues," but also the next tune, "Sarah Jane," featuring Finn on extra percussion and Chuck Fleming on fiddle. You, too, may find to your pleasure that you "got nothing to do but sit around and sing, and talk about my Sarah Jane." This song was also done on their first album, the British-only *Country of the Blind*. The only original on this LP follows, "Travelling Days," slower than most of the songs, and considerably subdued. No rave-ups here. "King's Favourite," an instrumental, closes out side one in grand fashion. F'eming takes it through the opening stages on classical-sounding fiddle, as the other instruments gradually join in, though never stealing the show from Chuck.

Side two opens on a rockish note, with "Cuckoo," featuring great flute-fiddle interplay. A lot of people have done this song, and JSD's version sounds like none I've ever heard. "Dowie Dens of Yarrow" is a slow story song, the most British sounding piece on the album. "Down the Road" is a bouncy combination of American country music and British folk, with the JSD-ers affecting American accents for your enjoyment. For sheer fun, it's hard to beat a song like this.

I was out of town when the JSD Band did their stand at the Childe Harold, but if this album is any indication, they probably did one hell of a show. Fans of Steeleye Span and Fairport Convention, if they haven't already picked up on JSD, are well advised to do so. *Travelling Days* belongs in a folk collection, alongside *Below the Salt*, *Parcel of Rogues*, *Full House* and *Unhalfbricking*.

B.R.

JESSE COLIN YOUNG

It seems like a long while since Jesse Colin Young has made music as satisfying as that which came from the golden days of The Youngbloods. The last albums of that group were sadly lacking and energy, and Jesse's subsequent solo work on record was not up to expectations. All of this, coupled with the failure of their own record label, *Racoon*, led many to seriously wonder if that old spark would ever return.

Last week, at Washington's Cellar Door, people were too busy enjoying Jesse's music and having a good time to wonder about such things. All doubts seemed to drift away within a few minutes of Jesse's and his fine new band's taking the stage. This may not have been the Jesse Colin Young of old, but he was a great *new* Jesse Colin Young, and that's all that matters. They opened with two Youngblood songs, "It's a Lovely Day," and "Wine Song," getting the already enthusiastic crowd going with easily recognized material from which to build. During "Wine Song," Jesse's beautifully distinctive, smooth voice found its groove, the band found theirs, and it kept on getting better. I don't know who's in the band, or how long they've been with him, but they play perfectly together. The only guitar comes from Jesse, and most of that was acoustic and consequently difficult to hear. Forming the backbone of their sound were a fine pianist and a horn player continually tastefully delighting the audience with what he had to play. The amazing thing was how everything seemed to fit; to lock together securely.

Their type of playing defies description — they move from rock to jazz to country to blues, not necessarily from song to song, but within each song. Check out *Song for Juli*, Jesse's new album, specifically "Miss Hesitation" to see what I mean. He gets rocking, and suddenly he and the band are back in a cool jazz setting, and later they're rocking again. They went all-out jazz on "Ridgetop," from the new album, and finished the set with Cajun music, Clifton Chenier's "Lafayette Waltz," segueing into Hank William's "Jambalaya."

Needless to say, when the band retuned for their encore and went into "Sunlight" (from the Youngblood's *Elephant Mountain* LP), the already crazed audience got crazier. Jese and the band had won 'em over early, and from then on it was pure enjoyment. With the band voicing the "buzz-buzz-diddle-its," Jesse sang "Speedo" and a near-perfect night of varied and exciting music was over. Forget about what's been happening with Jesse on his last few albums. He's got a whole new thing now, and it was some of the best music Washington audiences have been treated to for quite a while.

B.R.

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WAITING FOR GRANDMA

by Stephen Kepple

They stare down the hill, deep into the vari-shadowed places between buildings and through trees. From here on this hill is so high, it seems they might look down on mountains. And the town below, it flows forever down the forever hill, like rivulets of concrete or streams of melting snow. The wind moves the tall trees of the town and the swaying trees cover and uncover white corners and patches of stucco and lengths of glass, and in this scintillating fashion the town appears to be moving slowly down the hill, as long as the wind should breathe. Here it has never ceased. At night, the town is rolling coal.

Their eyes are the green and poignant eyes of cats. Their bodies, too, are the sinuous and attenuated bodies of male cats, feline starvelings from perhaps the alleys and quiet, diseased courtyards of Mideastern cities. Their amber hair curls around their faces and is loved by the wind, the warm orange wind off the sunset clouds above and to the west.

They stand on the wooden deck of their fortress that rides the hilltop like a ship upon a wave, and their staring eyes soften to a green and teary gaze. Their gentle, brown hands clutch the railing.

"I see them," one says. "Oh, I see them. . ."

And a little later:

"No, it was someone else."

"Aww. . .someone else. I'm sorry."

Then one looks at the other and the other is no longer there. For it has happened again, now in these last enchanted hours while it still can.

There is a field. Stretched above the field there are electrical wires. Between the wires are strips of a grey sky. Grey like the field. At the edge of the field there is a tree, a fire hydrant, and a brown piece of tubing. Beyond are stunted row houses.

Yesterday and all the limbo days before yesterday, since the City Council passed the Bench Resolution, there had been a white bench between the hydrant and the tree. At this time of evening an old man would have been sitting on the bench with a bloodhound at his feet. But now there is no bench. It has been stolen in the night. . .

Randi, slim and young, walks on the field, in the direction of the tree. From his green eyes, twin tears are rolling forth. He walks and cries, and beneath the spreading olive-grey branches of the tree, he stops. Ahead are the row houses. They are playing out music, these gnomish houses, music wild and beautiful like the vibrations of a budding peasant girl. It has a semi-supressed sexuality about it; it is richly metabolic; it conjures visions of writhing homeotherms, human or hog, pleasuring in the mud. At times, the music also sings up lonely moods like beaches in the dawn; waves rumble in unseen and then relax to kiss the sands in parting.

As Randi stands there, dreaming with the music, three windows light up along the row that has been raven-dark. One is purple-lit. One is scarlet. One is pink.

He sees firgures silhouetted against the colored panes. Naked shadows, embracing, embracing, and then unentwining and standing apart and stiff and straight, like sudden robots.

He wipes the tears away and swallows. He seems to brace himself as though for some attack. One of his fists is clenched and the flexors of his forearm are delineated as sharply as the bones of a skeleton. His nostrils dilate.

Comes the shout.

"Hey Randi, Randi!"

And again.

"Hey, Randi!"

Across the street are youthful forms, bounding toward him through the black aisles between parked cars. One, two (they are clicking across the cooling asphalt of the road), three, four, five (they are leaping like antelope over the high curb), six, seven — their seven faces shine at him from beneath the reach of the longest branch, that branch floating far out like sea-weed under the ocean of the night. And these are sea-creatures that confront him, yes, the glistening faces of seven sharks. They are exquisite faces, hard muscular faces carved out by the pressures of nature. Faces at once sensitive and ruthless. How contemptible one of those bland pig faces would look next to the, one of those pig faces that one knows of or that one owns! Yet, these benevolent, beautiful sharks, they would understand, they would love, they would turn to you and smile and utter soft, kind words. . . or they would rip you to shreds and devour the pieces, depending on what sort of person you are beneath the face.

A boy whose flesh-tint dissolves him into the cobalt sky speaks out. White teeth flash like water dripping in bright light.

"Randi, where've you been, man?"

"What's wrong, you been crying, Randi?" says another.

And another, a nubile girl, whose two simple words are as a melodic, violet-scented exhalation. "Oh, *Randi*!"

They all look into his eyes and his eyes are almonds of pistachio ice cream melting, fanned by desperate amber eyelashes. Randi looks back into their strange, warm-blue ocean eyes, and at the next simultaneous blinking of all the magic eyes, he is in love, in love, in love with the seven, the seven who care enough about him to come running from their sex-lit domes into the hate night, into the park of greyness, to meet him under the tree, to confront him with their beauty and their care for him.

It is not a hate night anymore. Their love has filled all the night, to push back and defeat the hate.

And the night is an ocean far deeper even than the exosphere; the stars are plankton floating on the distant surface, plankton whose sparkles in the light of still more distant, alien moons reach down, down, through all the transluscent levels of this space-ocean, down to light the eyes of sharks and boys named Randi.

And then they are laughing down the street in one swaggering youth group, and all comment on how good it feels to be entirely together again, now with Randi back.

"And where have you been, Randiboy?" asks Tall Timko, half man, half eland.

"Oh, I've been away, and away."

"Where's 'away'?"

"Well, it's a hill, from whose summit I looked down upon my town, my New York-falling-over town. I was watching, and waiting."

"Alone?"

"I had a friend."

"A good friend?"

"A look-alike, a think-alike."

"Marvelous. And for whom or what were you waiting, you and your good friend?"

"For your enemy, for the enemy of all of you who like for me to be here with you."

A tiny spot of black appears on the dusty sidewalk before them and then another and then five hundred and five thousand more and the sidewalk is steaming, and running with the rain that falls, and they reach out and turn ballet circles in the rain, laughing, tilting back their heads with gossamer hair growing matted and wild, and sticking out pink tongues to test, to taste, to drink and get drunk on happy rain.

A haggard face edged in white cactus spines had burned and burned against the shield of the darkness and then melted through it. In an instant, it melts through the further thin shields of these youths' happy souls, and gets inside and burns painfully therein.

Suddenly the rain sounds very loud, a cascading of lead shot, striking pavement. For they have abruptly stopped in their rejoicing of the rain and of their youth and beauty, and love for one another.

Before them on the sidewalk, beside a glowing blue parked limousine, stands an old man with a dying bloodhound leashed and creeping about his feet, snuffing the ozone. It is, of course, the old man without a bench.

And right then, without any real effort of desire or will on his part, Randi goes away again, he vanishes from the silent group, he dissolves like some delicate, jellied creature whose membrane has been torn, and then on the deck of the fortress atop the hill he returns, an instant red-brown cloud sparkling with electricity as in a flurry the atoms build upon each other to form the whole of Randi.

His friend lays a hand on Randi's shoulder, and both smile.

The foreign night has been left behind and it is to the bright, clean, morning world that he returns. The wind sways the green and silver trees and the trees illusion the town down the hill in a never-ending, silent slide of glass and masonry and red tile.

Winding up the road below is the armored emerald coach of Tall Timko's enemy, drawn by three bejeweled white stallions, whose white-washed blocks of muscles strain and turn hard upon each other to haul the coach up the hill. The horses labor and snort and their ebony hooves punch prints deep into the hard-packed earth of the road, and they shake their tasseled heads from side to side on arching limbs of necks, and manes stream back like snowy fire and eyes are black and bursting fury, and jingle-jangle go the bells on the tossing reins in the grim driver's grey-gloved hands.

"Grandma! Grandma!" they cry from the porch.

And they run down the road down the hill, waving and shouting, to meet their aged savior who will take them far away from the enchanted, toppling town.

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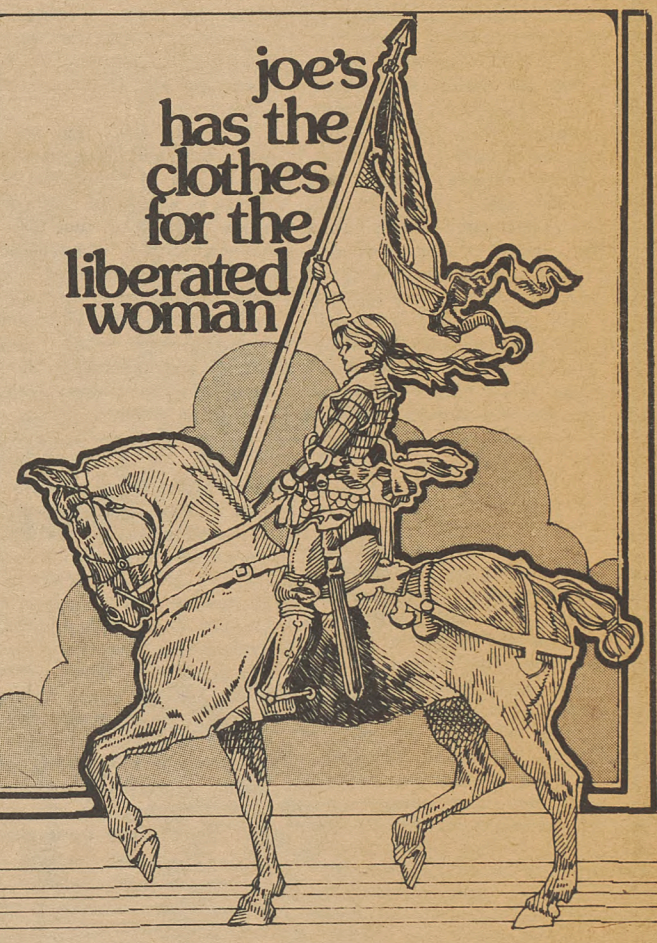

Joe's place
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performance

BUTLEY
National Theatre

John Reap

The National Theatre seems to be flourishing in its competition with the Kennedy Center. While the Center is attracting the big, blowsy, Pre-Broadway Tryouts of dubious value, the National is getting the polished tours of proven dramas and its most attractive season in years. The latest entry is Simon Gray's *Butley*, and it is a play of quality and substance.

Butley is the story of one day in the life of Ben Butley, who teaches literature at London University while he watches his life fall apart. Butley is a most unattractive character on the face of many things, cruel, petty, a man who despises his students and his collegues with an air of superiority that verges on the intolerable. He delights in punishing those around him with verbal abuse and with his seemingly endless capacity for malicious mischief; his motto is, "Trouble for you, fun for me." The only thing that saves him from being nothing more than a monstrous excrescence of the darker side of human nature is his abundant wit, for he is a wonderfully funny man who is aware of his own deficiencies.

This is an extremely demanding part for an actor, for the play depends almost totally upon this one character. If the actor playing Butley fails to convey the charm of the character, the play is a failure. The charm is never in the lines: it must emerge from the performance itself. Fortunately, Brian Bedford is equal to this challenge, and his performance is the best bit of acting to hit town in years. He cavorts through his role, mimicking colleagues, assuming a Northern English dialect, insulting everyone he meets, and relishing the havoc he spreads around him. From his performance emerges a Butley who is strangely sympathetic in his cheery nihilism, a man who is intent on destroying himself as well as those around him. The play is set in the office Butley shares with his roommate and protege, Joey Keyston, and the office mirrors Butley's character. His side of the room is a disaster area of uncorrected papers, whiskey bottles, odd clothes and piles of books that over-flow to his neater friend's half of the office. Joey is a homosexual who is just returning from a long weekend with his lover's parents, and Butley is bitter with jealousy and the loneliness that led him to spend the holiday in a drunken stupor. (Some critics have called this a play about a man who loses his wife and his boyfriend on the same day, but there is no real sense that Joey is Butley's boyfriend, although they may have had a sesual relationship in the past.) Butley's malice in these early scenes is underlined by his refusal to have anything to do with his students, claiming to be tied up in red tape while reading the verse of Beatrix Potter. This reversion to childhood suggests that he is turning every aspect of his life to play, and it is his sense of play that makes him appealing, both to the audience and to the other characters in the drama. When he presses Joey for details of the weekend, Joey responds by fabricating a tale about a butcher and a meter-maid, the fictive parents of his lover, Reg.

This sense of play comes up again when Butley confronts Reg and begins a game of insult with him. Nowhere in the play is Butley more brutal or funnier than when he plays out a scene of Reg's butcher father introducing him around the local pub when he finally steps out of the closet, but it is a game that Butley loses, for Joey moves in with Reg.

Butley is already separated from his wife, but he is taken by surprise when she asks him for a divorce so that she can marry "the dullest man in London." He doesn't want her back, but he doesn't want her to marry anyone else. As he puts it, "A man is always judged by his wife's husband." Her fiance is a teacher, and Butley immediately sets out to get him fired.

Nothing comes of his schemes, though, and he suffers further humiliations in learning that the fiance is having a novel published and that a fellow-teacher whom he despises has finally finished her book on Byron ("The center cannot hold! Mere Edna is loosed upon the world!") At the end of the play Butley is played out. He has nothing before him but further deterioration, slipping further into alcoholism and childness and bitter futility.

There are plays that are popular with actors, and I suspect that *Butley* will be one of them. The character offers a wonderful showpiece for talent, and I think that many actors will want to do it, which should mean that the play will be around for quite a while. And because the play and the character are both very literate, it should have a ready audience at colleges and universities. But I cannot imagine anyone playing *Butley* better than Brian Bedford is doing it.

URI GELLER
Trick or Treat?

Keith Krokyn

A roomful of reporters was startled, recently, to watch a *Post* photographer's car key twist and bend without any obvious application of outside, physical force. This deformation was apparently being brought about by Uri Geller, a charming and sincere young man who was in town to promote his November 7th appearance at Lisner Auditorium. Geller is an acclaimed and controversial psychic who supported this surprising feat with a detailed movie covering research into his strange talents.

The film gave documentation of the most rigorous, controlled and "cheat-proof" experiments that could be devised by the scientists at the Stanford Research Institute (SRI). SRI is the largest think-tank in the U.S. and is best known for its military-oriented research than for its study of psychic phenomena. A team led by two physicists, Dr. Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ, and including former astronaut Edgar Mitchell, ran a 6-week series of tests on Geller. They concluded: *We do not claim that the man has psychic powers. We draw no sweeping conclusions. We have observed certain phenomena with the subject for which we have no scientific explanation. All we can say at this point is that further investigation is clearly warranted.*

The SRI film began with an introduction by a doctor who repeated that sufficient evidence does exist and that phenomena have been observed which certainly justify further scientific experimentation and study. The film clearly shows these phenomena:

• On a glass lab table, a sensitive electronic balance is set to weigh a 1-gram weight, and then the entire scale is covered with a glass bell jar to exclude air currents. Geller passes his hands over and around the bell and causes the scale to deflect with a force up to 100 times that of what is caused by striking the bell or jumping near it.

• Geller passes his hands over an open box of 10 identical film cans, nine of which are empty, and is able to find the can with the object inside, without error. Geller did this with different objects — a ball-bearing, magnet, water), 12 straight times. The odds against this accuracy are a trillion to one.

• Geller bends and breaks metal objects; including spoons, iron spikes and alloy bands made to SRI's specifications to withstand pressures to 150 p.s.i. These experiments were called "unsatisfactory" by the researchers because Geller was permitted to touch the objects. It's possible, they said, that he has extra-strong fingers and can make "micro-manipulatory" movements not seen in hundreds of feet of film.

• Geller guesses the orientation of a die shaken inside a box, eight out of eight times correctly. The odds against this are about a million to one. (When Geller tried gambling in Las Vegas, he lost his shirt. Apparently, when he is nervous and anxious, nothing happens.)

Attempts were made at SRI for him to dematerialize objects and rematerialize them elsewhere. Once, a watch was placed in a box which was then sealed. Soon after, an identical watch fell through the air and landed in the room. When the box was opened, it was found to be empty. This is recorded on videotape, but is not counted as scientific evidence because the situation was not controlled enough to prove conclusively that it was not an elaborately contrived sleight of hand.

Giving his reaction to the materialization, Mitchell replied cautiously: *We have all seen these strange things happen, but we cannot validate them. Speaking strictly, I would have to deny that I have seen "materializations." Yes,* he continues *there is a videotape, but they can't show that the watch wasn't thrown.*

For the final event of the night, Geller attempted to bend two keys at once. While the keys were held *on* the hands of an elderly lady, he passed his hands over and around hers. From my vantage point, 3-4 feet above her hands, I could see without obstruction. When asked what he was thinking, he replied: *Oh no! It's not working!* and cursing to himself: *Bend! Damn it, Bend!*

The woman commented that the key in her left hand was warm. Geller tapped both keys twice. Suddenly, the woman said that the key in her *right* hand was bending. I could see that this was indeed the case. The key seemed to be bending very slowly, not at any noticeable pace. It continued until it finally approached 45°. At one point, Geller picked up the key to show everyone in the hall that it was bending. He picked it up by one end, and THIS WAS THE ONLY OTHER TIME HE TOUCHED THE KEY.

I could see no evidence of amazing strength or micro-manipulatory movements. I do not believe I was a victim of an elaborately contrived sleight of hand or that I was induced by mass hypnosis. I do have a very big question mark over my head.

BOOKS

THE FINEST JUDGES MONEY CAN BUY
and
OTHER FORMS OF JUDICIAL POLLUTION
by Charles Ashman, (Nash Publ.), 309 pp., $7.95, hardcover.

Rev. by Marc N. Leepson

Two editors of a medium-sized publishing house are discussing ways to increase sales in 1973.

Editor #1: "Hey, how about a book on judicial corruption in the United States? That would really go over big now, with the Watergate hearings in the news. I even know who we can get to write it. What do you think of Charles Ashman? You know him, the California lawyer who wrote that timely biography of Angela Davis two years ago. He also did that great profile of Henry Kissinger last year."

Editor #2: "You mean *Kissinger; the Adventures of Super-Kraut*?"

#1: "Yes, that's it. What we'll have him do is research about 75 cases of judges who've been convicted or even just investigated for bribery, payoffs, kickbacks, you know."

#2: "Sounds great!! But we need some kind of thread to bind the cases together. Some kind of solution to the problem. How about having him make a case for a new method of selecting judges?"

#1: Sure. Let's shock the public with these dozens of well-researched and documented cases, naming names, dates and places, and then we'll give a plan for cleaning the mess up."

"Okay. But, suppose there aren't enough cases?"

"Easy. We'll just go back into the 50's, 40's, 30's, 20's, and even to the 1800's to get cases. That'll be no problem."

"You sure we can fill a good 300 page book?"

"No problem there. We'll use large type, wider-than-usual margins, dozens of subheadings within each chapter, and three or four meaningless appendixes."

The Finest Judges Money Can Buy does indeed suffer from the let's-get-out-a-Watergate-related-book-in-a-hurry" mania that seems to be overcoming some otherwise sensible publishing executives, but author Ashman does deserve credit for his research and his lucid, concise writing, if for nothing else.

All of the 70-plus cases are well written, brief accounts of judges in legal trouble. There are well known (Abe Fortas, Otto Kerner), as well as obscure jurists investigated, and Ashman presents a sound argument for ending lifetime appointments and instituting popular, non-partisan elections of all judges on the state and federal level.

It is for the reader to decide whether a short history of American judicial corruption is worth $7.95. He can always wait for the paperback.

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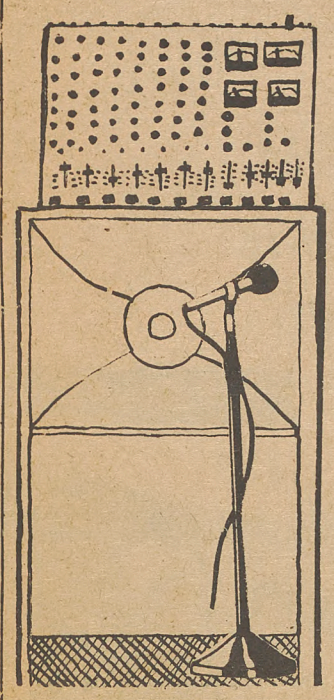

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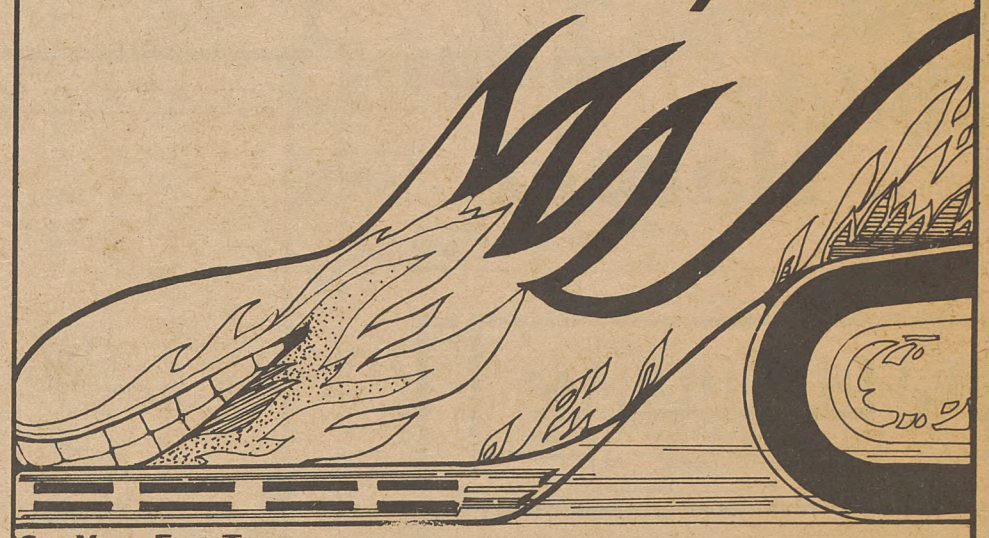

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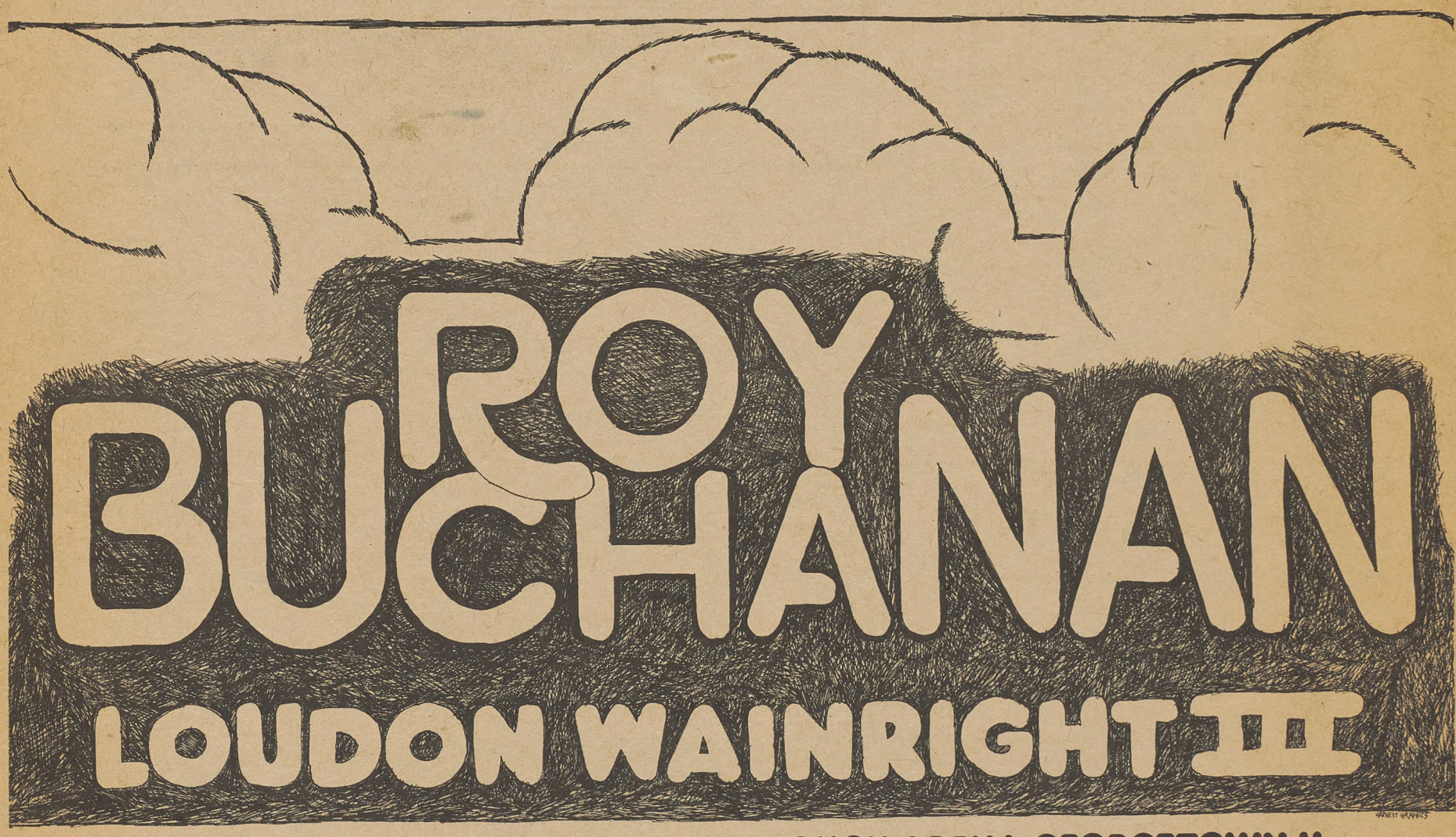

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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30

BIRTHDAYS

Mike (Bundle) Henley (Reekers & Claude Jones), Eddie Holland, Grace Slick, Tim Schmidt (Poco)

MUSIC

Electric Light Orchestra/Mark Almond Band **CANCELLED**
Mary Lou Williams; Blues Alley; 337-2607
Black American Music; Peabody Conservatory, Balt.; Noon; (301) 837-0600.
John Wells Delegation; Reading Gaol; 833-3882
Country Gentlemen; Cellar Door; 337-3389

FILM

Red Beard; Internat'l Playhouse Theatre; noon-10pm, contin.; 783-8500.
Buster Keaton Fest.: Battling Butler/Neighbors/The Playhouse; Outer Circle; 224-3116.
Fantasia; Biograph; 333-2696.
Terrible Tales from Around the World; Chevy Chase Library; 4pm; 727-1341.
Gone West; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Balt., 2pm

EVENTS

lecture—How to Conduct UR-self in the New Life Style; ISIS Center, Silver Spring, 7:30-10pm; $3; 585-2886.
circus—Shrine Circus; 5th Regiment Armory, Balt.; 728-3388.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31

BIRTHDAYS

Otis Williams (Temptations)

MUSIC

Steve Miller Band/Back Door; DAR **SOLD OUT**
Mary Lou Williams (see Oct. 30)
John Wells Delegation (see Oct. 30)
Country Gentlemen (see Oct. 30)

FILM

La Strada; Internat'l Playhouse Theatre (see Oct. 30)
Buster Keaton: The General/Backstage/My Wife's Relations (see Oct. 30)
Fantasia (see Oct. 30)
Legend of Sleepy Hollow/People Soup/Dick Whittington; Washington Highlands Br. Library; 4pm
African Odyssey; Martin L. King Library, Rm 216 12-1:30pm
The Body Snatchers; M.L. King Lib.; 727-1271.

EVENTS

radio—Classic Chillers for Halloween; 10pm-2am, WAMU-FM, 88.5
lecture—The Esoteric Concepts of Being; ISIS Ctr; 585-2886.
circus—Shrine Circus (see Oct. 30)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1

BIRTHDAYS

Jay Black (Jay & the Americans), Gordon Lightfoot, Keith Emerson (ELP)

MUSIC

Mary Lou Williams (see Oct. 30)
John Wells Delegation (see Oct. 30)
Steven Kates (cello) & Lisa Hirlong (guitar); Essex Comm. Coll.; 8:15pm; 682-6000.
Country Gentlemen (see Oct. 30)

FILM

The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kornbach; Internat'l Playhouse (see Oct. 30)
Buston Keaton ; college Day Dreams/The Frozen North (see Oct. 30)
Interview w/ Salvadore Allende/Intro. to Chile (Benefit for National Lawyers' Guild); Biograph $3.50; 333-2696.
New Lands (Special) AFI; 833-9300.
Gone West (see Oct. 30)

EVENTS

dance—Martha Graham Dance Co; Lisner Aud.; 8:30; $5.50-7.50; 393-4433
lecture—John Gardner--The Causes of Common Cause; $4 12:15pm WNDC; AD2-7363.
dance—Jan van Ryke; Theatre Project, Balt.; 8:30; 539-3090
lecture—Function of Awareness; ISIS, 7:30 & 10pm; 585-2886
circus—Shrine Circus (see Oct. 30)
opera—Carmen; Lyric Theatre, Balt. 539-3100

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2

BIRTHDAYS

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MUSIC

Roy Buchanan/Loudon Wainwright III; McDonough Arena, G.U.; 8pm, $5; 965-9650.
Paul Hill Chorale; JFKC; 8:30; $1-7.25; 254-3090.
Country Gentlemen (see Oct. 30)
Charlie Byrd; Maryland Inn, Annap.; 261-2206.
Mary Lou Williams (see Oct. 30)
Ethel Ennis; Johns Hopkins U.; 8pm; 366-3300
John Wells Delegation (see Oct. 30)

FILMS

The Red & The White; Internat'l Playhouse; 783-8500
Buster Keaton: Steamboat Bill Sr./Out West/Electric Horse (see Oct. 30)
Open City & Italian Resistance film (6:30)/Flowers of St. Francis & The Miracle (9); AFI; 833-9300.
Black Orpheus/Forbidden Games; Biograph; 333-2696

EVENTS

dance—Martha Graham Dance Co. (see Nov. 1)
dance—Jan van Dyke (see Nov. 1)
opera—A Hand of Bridge & The Medium; Christ Church Parish Hall Theatre; Alex.; 8pm; 750-6325.
circus—Shrine Circus (see Oct. 30)
festival—Eastern Nat'l Livestock Fest.; Timmonium Fairgrounds, MD; 252-0200.
dance—benefit square dance for Mellow Yellow Tutoring Service; All Souls Church; 8pm, $2

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3

BIRTHDAYS

John Barry

MUSIC

Jorge Bolet; JFKC; 3pm; $4; 254-3600.
Country Gentlemen (see Oct. 30)
3 Dog Night; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3600
Charlie Byrd (see Nov. 2)
Mary Lou Williams (see Oct. 30)
John Wells Delegation (see Oct. 30)
Wet Willie/Alman Bros./Martin Mull/Marshall Tucker Band WRC TV (4); 11:30pm

FILMS

Antigone; Internat'l Playhouse; 783-8800.
Buster Keaton: Butcher Boy/High Sign (see Oct. 30)
Paisan (6:30)/India (9); AFI; 833-9300
Black Orpheus/Jules & Jim (see Nov. 2)

EVENTS

dance—Martha Graham Dance Co. (see Nov. 1)
market—Benefit Flea Market Bazaar; Arlington's Stewart Arts Center; 10am-7pm; free; 558-2161.
circus—Shrine Circus (see Oct. 30)
festival—Livestock Festival (see Nov. 2)
opera—Carmen (see Nov. 1)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Mendelssohn died, 1847

MUSIC

Brandenburg Ensemble; JFKC; 3pm; $4; 254-3600.
Dave Mason; Catholic U.; 8:00; $5; 965-9650.
Gordon Lightfoot; DAR; 8:30; $4.50-6.50; 338-5992
Dorothy Lewis Griffith - harpsichordist - Cathedral Concert Series, Balt.; 5:30; 433-8800

FILMS

Buster Keaton: Our Hospitality/Coney Island/The Scarecrow; (see Oct. 30)
Treasure Island (6(/I Married a Witch (3 & 9); AFI 833-9300.
Black Orpheus/Jules & Jim (see Nov. 2)

EVENTS

dance—Jan van Dyke (see Nov. 1)
lecture—Education for a New Age; ISIS; 585-2886
circus—Shrine Circus (see Oct. 30)
festival—Livestock Fest. (see Nov. 2)

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5

BIRTHDAYS

Peter Noone (Herman's Hermits), Art Garfunkel, Ike Turner, rick Cobb (Bloodrock), Don McDougall (Guess Who), Johnny Horton died, 1960.

MUSIC

Bill & Taffy; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Open Sing for Folkers; Theatre Project, Balt. 539-9030

FILMS

Buster Keaton: Sherlock Jr./One Week/Cops; (see Oct. 30)
Socrates (6:30)/Blaise Pascal (9); AFI; 833-9300
A Day in the Country/Children of Paradise; Biograph; 333-2696.

EVENTS

lectures—Oriental Massage & Trepidation—J.B. Rishi; Yes!; 8pm; 338-7874
festival—Livstock Fest. (see Nov. 2)
opera—Carmen (see Nov. 1)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6

BIRTHDAYS

Glen Frey (Eagles), P.J. Proby, Ray Coniff, Geo. Young (Easybeats), Tchaikovsky dies, 1893

MUSIC

David Crosby & Graham Nash; DAR; 8:30; $4.50-6.50; 338-5592
Ruben Gonzalez - violinist - Peabody Conserv., Balt. 833-0600
National Symph. Orch.; Bach, Brahms, Beethoven; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3600

FILMS

Buster Keaton: Balloonatic/The Goat (see Oct. 30)
The Western Hero (6:30)/Tumbleweeds (9); AFI 833-9300
A Day in the Country/Children of Paradise (see Nov. 3)
Firebell in the Night; Enoch Pratt Free Lib., Balt.; 2pm; 396-5430

EVENTS

lecture—Karmic Aspects of Astrology; Yes!; 338-7874
lecture—Eckankar, Ancient Science of Total Awareness—A.U. Kaye Spritual Life Ctr.; free; 439-2306
festival—Livestock Fest. (see Nov. 2)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7

BIRTHDAYS

Dee Clark, Johnny Rivers

MUSIC

John Mayall/Argent; DAR; 8pm; $4.50-6.50; 659-2601.
Birgit Finnila - contralto - Balt. Symph. Orch.; Lyric Theatre Balt., 8:15; 727-7300
N.S.O. (see Nov. 6)

FILMS

Citizen Kane/Grand Illusion; Circle; 331-7480
Buster Keaton: Go West/Blacksmith/Haunted House (see Oct. 30)
Rise of Louis XIV (6:30)/Augustine of Hippo (9); AFI 833-9300
Day in the Country/Children of Pardise (see Nov. 5)

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???? Need A Friend? ????
????? G.U. HOTLINE ?????
?????? 337-2646 ??????
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EVENTS

lecture—Uri Geller on "Inergy" **see article inside-**; Lisner Auditorium, G.W.U.; 8pm; $4-6
reading—Josephine Jacobsen; Textile Museum; 8pm; 667-0442
lecture—To the Threshold of Life—Nat'l Academy of Science; 8pm, free
festival—Livestock Fest. (see Nov. 2)

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8

BIRTHDAYS

Bonnie Raitt, Sam Strain (Imperials) Lee Freeman (Strawberry Alarm Clock)

MUSIC

Brigit Finnila (see Nov. 7)
London Bach Society; Towson St. Coll.; 8:15; 823-1211
N.S.O. (see Nov. 6)

FILMS

Citizen Kane/Grand Illusion (see Nov. 7)
Buster Keaton: 7 Chances/Paleface/Good Night Nurse (see Oct. 30)
August of Hippo/Rise of Louis XIV (see Nov. 7)

King of Hearts/Women in Love; Biograph; 333-2696
Firebell in the Night; 7:30 (see Nov. 6)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9

BIRTHDAYS

Tom Fogerty, Mary Travers, **Rolling Ftone Magazine** ('67)

MOVIE BENEFIT FOR SWITCHBOARD

Le Grande Bouffe
by Marco Ferreri

Cerberus Nov. 9
Opening Night Midnight Show
Rated X No one under 18 admitted
Tickets: $3.00
INFO: 333-5596

"Like **Last Tango, Le Grande Bouffe** derives added shock value from the presence of stars: it's not Linda Lovelace but respectable people like Marcello Mastroianni and Ugo Tognazzi taking the chances of their careers, letting loose, talking dirty, abandoning themselves to the urges of the unleashed libido."

Tom Esparza
New York Times

MUSIC

London Bach Society; JFKC; 8:30; $5.50-$7.50; 254-3600
Brenda Lee; Stardust; 843-7300
Nihaly Virizlay - cello - Balt. Symph. Orch.; 8:15; 727-7300

FILMS

Citizen Kane/Grand Illusion (see Nov. 7)
Buster Keaton: Battling Butler/Neighbors/The Playhouse (see Oct. 30—
Graphic Design; 6:30 & 9; AFI; 833-9300
King of Hearts/Women in Love (see Nov 8)

EVENTS

dance—American Chamber Ballet; Theatre Project, Balt.; 8pm & 10pm; 539-3090

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10

MUSIC

Isaac Stern, Eugene Istonium, Jaime Laredo, Leonard Rose, JFKC, 8:30; 254-3090
Cathedral Choral Society — Requiem (Berlioz) Wash., Nat'l Cathedral, $3.50-10; 966-3423
Brenda Lee (see Nov. 9)
Judy Collins; DAR; 8:30; $4.50-6.50; 338-5992
Preservation Hall Jazz Band; Essex Comm. Coll., Balt.; 8:15; 682-6000

FILMS

Citizen Kane/Grand Illusion (see Nov. 7)
Buster Keaton—The General/Backstage/My Wife's Relations (see Oct. 30)
Thief of Bagdad/Viva L'Italia (6)/// Europa 51; AFI; 833-9300
King of Hearts/Women in Love (see Nov. 8)

EVENTS

dance—American Chamber Ballet (see Nov. 9)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11

MUSIC

Bill Monroe; Smithsonian; 8pm; 381-3598
Nat'l Arts Ctr. Orch. of Canada; JFKC; 3pm $4.75-6.75; 254-3600
Cathedral Choral Society (see Nov. 10)
Focus/Spencer Davis Group; DAR; 8:30pm $4-6; 338-5992
Daniel Comegys - lyric baritone - Cathedral Concert Series, Balt.; 5:30; 433-8800
Pro Musica Concert; Goucher Coll., Towson; 8pm; 825-3300

FILMS

Rashomon/Beauty & the Beast; Circle 331-7480
Buster Keaton: College/Day Dreams/Frozen North; (see Oct. 30)
Thief of Bagdad/Silence Est D'Or (6:30 & 9) AFI; 833-9300
King of Hearts/Women in Love (see Nov. 8)
Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World; G'W.U. Marvin Center Ballroom; 7 & 9:45pm
Two Greek Films; Internat'l Playhouse; 783-8500

EVENTS

dance—American Chamber Ballet (see Nov. 9)
lecture—Atlantis & the Bermuda Triangle; ISIS 585-2886

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12

MUSIC

Janos Scholz] viola da gamba & cello - Hall of Musical Instruments, Museum of Hist. & Tech.; $6-8; 9pm

FILMS

Rashamon/Beauty & Beast (see Nov. 11)
Buster Keaton: Steamboat Bill/Out West/Electric Horse (see Oct. 30)
Man's Struggle for Survival (6)/ Viva L'Italia; AFI; 833-9300
Forbidden Games/Grand Illusion; Biograph 333-2696

EVENTS

dance—American Chamber Ballet (see Nov. 9)
TV—Arthur (Big Boy) Cruddup; 9:30; WETA Channel 26
lecture—Ivan Southwell in observance of Nat'l Children's Book Week; Coolidge Aud., Library of Cong.; 7:30; 426-5000
lecture—The Origin of Life—Nat'l Academy of Sciences Aud.; 8pm

IN MEMORIAM

Pablo Casals

Humanitarian, Musician

1876 - 1973